

The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes; puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of.  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the native hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

*Oph.* Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

*Oph.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,  
I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich, their pefume lost;  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest?

*Oph.* My Lord,

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Oph.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest & faire, you should admi  
no discourse to your beautie.

*Oph.* Could beautie my Lord haue better comers  
Then with honestie?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme  
nesslie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can tran  
late beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now  
time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

*Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euocurat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Prince of

*Oph.* I was the more deceiued  
*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry, why  
ners, I am my selfe indifferent ho  
such things, that it were better my  
very proude, reuengefull, ambitio  
then I haue thoughts to put them  
or time to act them in: what shou  
tweene earth and heauen, wee are  
goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where

*Oph.* At home my Lord.  
*Ham.* Let the doores be shut  
That he may play the foole no w  
Farewell.

*Oph.* O helpe him you sweet  
*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile  
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure  
lunny; get thee to a Nunry, far  
marry a foole, for wise men kno  
make of them: to a Nunry goe, a

*Oph.* Heavenly powers restore  
*Ham.* I haue heard of your pa  
uen you one face, and you make  
ble, and you list you nickname C  
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no  
I say we will haue no mo marriag  
but one shall liue, the rest shall ke

*Oph.* O what a noble mind is  
The Courtiers, souldiers, scholle  
Th'expefaction, and Rose of the  
The glasse of fashion, and the m  
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, qui  
And I of Ladies most deieft and  
That suckt the honny of his mu  
Now see what noble and most so  
Like sweet bells iangled out of t  
That vnmatcht forme, and statu  
Blasted with extracie, ô woe is m  
Thaue scene what I haue scene,